

FROM THE PAGES OF **The BOYS**

BUTCHER

BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER

DYNAMITE 3



DYNAMITE.NET



\$3.99 US • MATURE

DA
RI
CK
2011

FROM THE PAGES OF **The BOYS.**

BUTCHER

BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER.

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Art by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE
ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI	• PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO	• CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT	• EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON	• CREATIVE DIRECTOR
RICH YOUNG	• DIRECTOR BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT
JASON ULLMEYER	• SENIOR DESIGNER
JOSH GREEN	• TRAFFIC COORDINATOR
CHRIS CANIANO	• PRODUCTION ASSISTANT



THE BOYS™ BUTCHER, BAKER, CANDLESTICKMAKER™, volume 1, issue #2. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Kinnelwood, NJ 07035. Copyright © 2011 Spillfire Productions Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. THE BOYS™ all characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related elements are trademarks of Spillfire Productions, Ltd. and Darick Robertson. Dynamite, Dynamite Entertainment & The Dynamite Entertainment logo is 2011 DFL. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes. Printed in Canada.

For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: marketing@dynamite.net



**3. IT MUST BE
LOVE, LOVE, LOVE**





SHE WAS LIKE THAT.

SHE MADE YOU WANNA BE YOU AT YER BEST.

I ASKED HER WHAT HER NAME WAS, SHE SAYS BECKY SAUNDERS. WHAT'S YOURS?

I SAYS I'M BILLY BUTCHER. WHERE YOU GETTIN' OFF THEN, BECKY? SHE SAYS MILE END. I SAYS THAT'S A COINCIDENCE.

SHE STARTS LAUGHIN' AGAIN. SHE HAD THIS GIGGLE SHE COULDN'T QUITE CONTROL, SORTA WENT ALONG WITH HER SMILE.



"SHE SAYS FAIR ENOUGH, SHE OWES ME A PINT FOR SAYIN' I LOOK LIKE A PANDA. I'D NEVER HAD A BIRD BUY ME A DRINK BEFORE.

"I'D NEVER MET ANYONE LIKE HER BEFORE IN ME LIFE."

"FIRST OF ALL, SHE WAS A CRACKER. YOU KNOW, YOU MET HER A COUPLE O' TIMES.



"I REMEMBER WALKIN' INTO PLACES WITH HER ON ME ARM, EVERYONE TURNIN' TO LOOK. AN' I WOULD'VE BEEN SO PROUD OF 'EM ALL 'SEEN' ME WITH A BIRD LIKE THAT--EXCEPT THEY WASN'T LOOKIN' AT ME ANYMORE'N I EVEN KNEW THEY WAS THERE."





DON'T.



IT WAS JUST
A LITTLE TOUCH,
BUT IT STOPPED
ME DEAD.

IT WAS LIKE
HER SKIN WAS
COOL AN' WARM
AT THE SAME
TIME.



ALL RIGHT,
I'LL...JUST GET
MESELF ANOTHER
PINT...

NAH, DON'T
DO THAT
EITHER.

JUST SIT
AN' TALK TO
ME, EH?



WHY
NOT...?

'COS IT'S
NICER IF YOU
DON'T.



"LONG STORY SHORT:
YOU WANNA COME OUT
TO DINNER TONIGHT?"

"LET'S GIVE IT A WEEK,
GET YOU LOOKIN' A BIT
MORE PRESENTABLE."



YOU GOTTA
GET HER AWAY
FROM HIM.

YEAH?

SIMPLE
AS THAT.



SO LONG AS
YER MUM'S THERE, HE'LL
KEEP HITTIN' HER. THAT
AIN'T GONNA CHANGE, I
SEE IT ALL THE TIME
WITH WORK.

SO LONG AS
SHE'S THERE, SHE WON'T BE
ABLE TO STOP FEELIN' SORRY
FOR HIM, OR REMEMBERIN'
WHEN SHE HONESTLY DID
LOVE HIM. SHE NEEDS A BIT
O' SPACE, SO SHE CAN THINK
SERIOUSLY ABOUT LEAVIN'
HIM FOR GOOD.

BUT WHERE'S
SHE MEANT TO GO,
SHE CAN'T JUST
WALK OUT OF HER
HOUSE...



FAMILY? YOU
SAID HER DAD
LIVES OVER
IN BARKING.

OR THERE'S
PLACES WOMEN
CAN GO TO, A
FRIEND O' MINE
RUNS A--

HANG ON, I'M
JUST GONNA
GET ANOTHER
PINT HERE...

YOU
DON'T NEED
ANOTHER ONE
ALREADY, DO
YOU?

WHAT IS IT
YOU... WHY DON'T
YOU LIKE ME HAVIN'
MORE'N ONE PINT
O' LAGER?

BILLY.



YOU JUST TOLD
ME ABOUT YER DAD, GETTIN'
PISSED UP AN' HAVIN' A ISO
AT THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM.
YER MUM AN' EVERYBODY
ELSE.

AN'... I DUNNO IF
YOU KNOW THIS, BUT YOU
GET A LOOK IN YER EYES
WHEN YOU'RE ON THE
BEER, EVEN WITH JUST
THE ONE IN YOU.

YOU LOOK
ANGRY.



YOU LOOK
LIKE YOU CAN'T
WAIT TO MAKE
YERSELF
ANGRIER.

SEE WHAT
I'M SAYIN'?



HMM.

SORTA...

STARIN'
ME IN THE
FACE A BIT,
INNIT?

I'M HAVIN' A
REALLY NICE TIME,
YOU KNOW. JUST
DON'T WANT IT TO
STOP.



WHAT,
LISTENIN' TO ME
BANG ON ABOUT
ME MUM? AN'
THAT F--

ABOUT
ME DAD AN'
THAT?

I ASKED,
DIDN'T I?

I LIKE LISTENIN'
TO YOU WHEN YOU REALLY
CARE ABOUT SOMETHIN'.
YER MUM AN' YER BROTHER,
I CAN TELL HOW MUCH
YOU LOVE THEM.



JESUS.
PRESSURE'S ON
NOW. I'VE GOTTA
KEEP TALKIN'
ABOUT NICE
THINGS.

THIS IS NEW
TO ME. I'LL TELL
YOU THAT FOR
NOTHIN'. UH...
HANG ON...



HERE, CAN
I'VE A GLASS O'
WATER, MATE?

CERTAINLY,
SIR.

TA,
GONNA NEED
A DRINK FOR
THIS ONE.

ALL
RIGHT, HERE
WE GO!





...BLOODY HELL.



HEFFF.
JESUS.



WHAT'S THIS, THEN...?

I WAS IN THE FALKLANDS.

ME AN' ME MATE'S, WE WAS...



I DON'T WANNA HEAR ANY WAR STORIES.





"I KNOCKED THE BOOZE
ON THE HEAD. THAT, AN'
GETTIN' STUCK INTO
COMPLETE STRANGERS
FOR NO REASON AT ALL.

"DIDN'T TAKE A BLEEDIN'
DETECTIVE TO TWIG WHO I'D
REALLY BEEN FUCKED OFF AT
FOR SO LONG. TO WORK OUT
THE CUNT I GAVE LEAST OF
A SHIT ABOUT WAS MESELF.

"BUT HERE WAS
SOMEONE THAT DID."



"I MOVED INTO HER PLACE
AFTER A BIT. SHE HAD HER
JOB AN' I WORKED ON THE
SITES OR WHATEVER, JUST
TO BRING IN A FEW BOB.



"FUCK, WHEN SHE LEFT IN THE
MORNIN' IT WAS LIKE THE
CLOUDS APPEARED. SHE CAME
HOME AGAIN--SUNSHINE."



JUST
THE SIGHT
OF HER.

THE SMELL OF
HER, THE TASTE
OF HER, THE
TOUCH OF HER.

IT'S LIKE
A KNIFE...



"AN' ALL I WANNA
DO'S KEEP PUSHIN'
IT INTO MESELF."





THEY'VE ONLY JUST MET, BUT THEY'RE GABBIN' AWAY NINETY TO THE DOZEN. IF IT WAS TWO BLOKES THEY'D STILL BE SIZIN' EACH OTHER UP.

DUNNO. VIVE LA DIFFERENCE. THAT'S WHAT I SAY.

THAT MEANS--



I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, I'M NOT A COMPLETE CUNT. COLLEGE GOIN' WELL FOR YOU THEN, IS IT?



NOT BAD. WITH SOME O' THE POSH BIRDS THE BATTLE'S ALREADY HALF-WON, ONCE THEY HEAR THE ACCENT.

BILLY, DON'T BOLLOCKS THIS UP, ALL RIGHT? DON'T LOSE HER.

EH?



BECKY, SHE'S ONE IN A MILLION, MATE.

AN' I KNOW YOU KNOW, BUT WATCHIN' YOU WALK IN WITH HER TODAY, YOU KNOW WHAT I THOUGHT? FUCK ME, THAT'S A FIRST, HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAPPY.

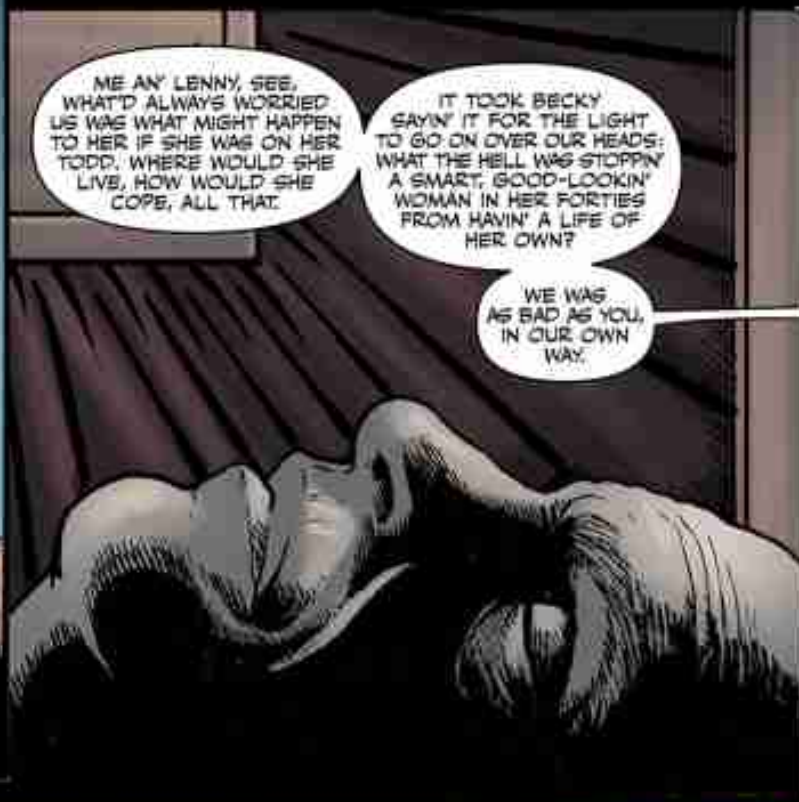
OR--NO, THAT AIN'T RIGHT.

FUCK ME, THAT'S A FIRST, HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S AT PEACE.



NOW IT
WASN'T THAT TIME...
OR THE NEXT...IT
WASN'T FOR QUITE
A BIT, REALLY...

THAT
THE THREE OF US
WENT TO WORK
ON MUM.



ME AN' LENNY, SEE,
WHAT'D ALWAYS WORRIED
US WAS WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN
TO HER IF SHE WAS ON HER
TODD. WHERE WOULD SHE
LIVE, HOW WOULD SHE
COPE, ALL THAT.

IT TOOK BECKY
SAYIN' IT FOR THE LIGHT
TO GO ON OVER OUR HEADS:
WHAT THE HELL WAS STOPPIN'
A SMART, GOOD-LOOKIN'
WOMAN IN HER FORTIES
FROM HAVIN' A LIFE OF
HER OWN?

WE WAS
AS BAD AS YOU,
IN OUR OWN
WAY.



BUT WHAT
ABOUT HIM?

WHAT
ABOUT
HIM?

BILLY, HE'S
YER DAD...!



YEAH, AN'
HE'S HURTIN' ME
MUM. WHICH IS THE
BEGINNIN' AN' END
O' THAT ONE.

HE'S HAD TWO
STROKES, HOW'S HE
S'POSED TO COPE
ON HIS OWN--?

IT'S NOT AS IF
HE'S STARVIN' TO
DEATH, NUM. HE CAN
SELL THE BUSINESS
IF IT COMES TO IT,
HIRE A NURSE TO
STOP IN AN' LOOK
AFTER HIM.

IT'S NOT
AS SIMPLE AS
THAT, LENNY...!



YOU
DUNNO WHAT IT'S LIKE
YOU NEVER SAW HIM
WHEN WE WAS FIRST
TOGETHER. YOU DUNNO
WHAT AN' AMAZIN'
FELLA HE WAS.

EVERY
TIME I LOOK AT
HIM...I STILL
SEE THAT.





"BUT IN THE END SHE DONE IT."



RIGHT, WELL, THAT'S IT, THEN. I'LL BE AT ME DAD'S IF YOU NEED TO GET IN TOUCH.

BUT DON'T BOTHER.

DON'T WORRY, I WON'T! SHE CAN JUST FUCK OFF, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!



SAM--!

C'MON, MUM.

YEAH, SO ON! FUCK OFF! BLOODY BITCH, WHAT DOES 'TIL DEATH US DO PART MEAN TO YOU THEN, EH?

FUCK ALL, THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS! THAT'S WHAT YOUR WORD'S WORTH! YOU DON'T KNOW A WIFE'S DUTY TO HER HUSBAND, YOU DON'T KNOW A WOMAN'S PLACE!



RIGHT, YOU--

BILLY.

AN' YOU CAN FUCK OFF AN' ALL YOU SLAG! DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW YOU'RE THE ONE BEHIND ALL THIS!





AS IF THESE
TWO QUEERS'D EVER
PUT THE WHORE UP TO
LEAVIN' ME! BUT YOU, YOU
TOOK ONE LOOK AN'
YOU SAW YER CHANCE,
DIDN'T YOU?

WELL FUCKIN'
SHAME ON YOU,
DESTROYIN' WHAT'S
BETWEEN A MAN AN'
HIS WIFE! YOU SLUT!
YOU HOMEWRECKER!
YOU FUCKIN'
EVIL CUNT!



YOU ARE
FUCKIN'
DEAD--!

BILLY,
NO!

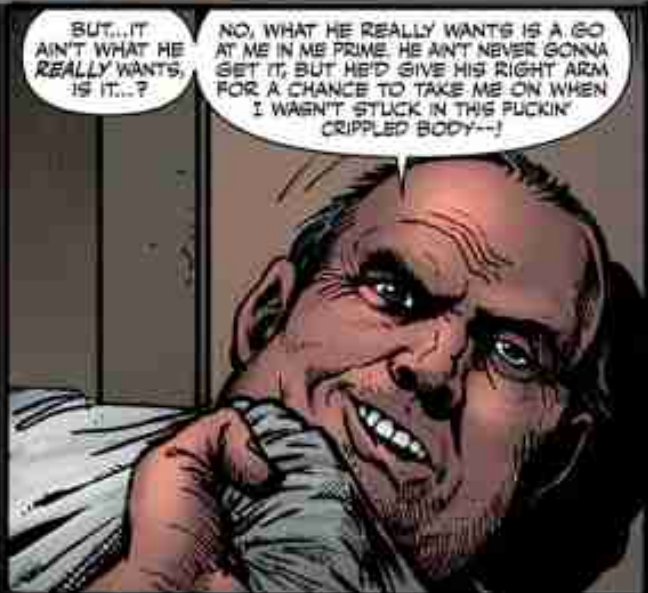
LET HIM! FUCKIN' LET HIM!
YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU, YOU'D
THUMP YER OL' MAN! THE BLOKE WHAT
GAVE YOU LIFE, YOU'D HIT HIM WHEN
HE CAN'T FIGHT BACK, YOU COWARD!



HIT YOU,
I'LL TAKE YER
FUCKIN' HEAD
OFF--

BILLY--!

IT'S WHAT
HE FUCKIN'
WANTS! HE
ALWAYS HAS!



BUT...IT
AIN'T WHAT HE
REALLY WANTS,
IS IT...?

NO, WHAT HE REALLY WANTS IS A GO
AT ME IN ME PRIME. HE AN'T NEVER GONNA
GET IT, BUT HE'D GIVE HIS RIGHT ARM
FOR A CHANCE TO TAKE ME ON WHEN
I WASN'T STUCK IN THIS FUCKIN'
CRIPPLED BODY--!



THAT'S WHAT HE
WAS DREAMIN' OF! ALL
THEM YEARS LYIN' ON HIS
USELESS ARSE WHILE
I DONE WHATEVER I
WANTED TO HER--AN' HE
LAY THERE AN' HE DONE
NOTHIN', ABSOLUTELY
FUCKIN' NOTHIN'...!







ALL THE
STRENGTH.



ALL THE
POWER.

IT
HAS TO BE
TEMPERED.



MEN
WITHOUT
WOMEN,
BILLY.

IT AIN'T
A GOOD
IDEA.

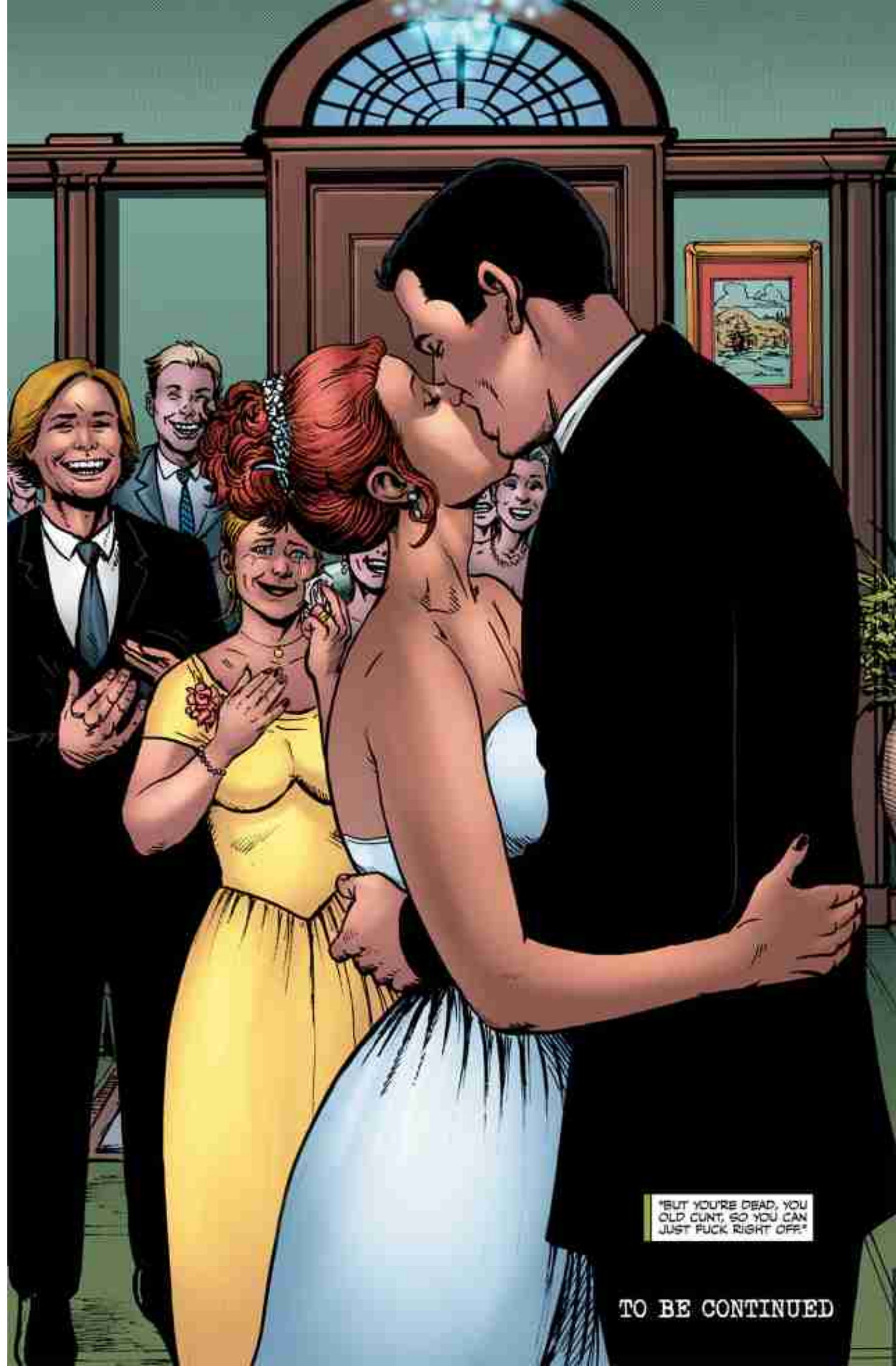




AN' THAT WAS IT. I WAS FLOATIN', I WAS THREE FOOT OFF THE FLOOR. I HAD BUTTERFLIES IN ME STOMACH, AN' THE SUN SHININ' IN THE WINDOW FELT LIKE IT WAS GONNA BE WARM ON ME FACE FOREVER.

IT'S FUNNY, I NEVER SAID NOTHIN' LIKE THIS TO ANYONE BEFORE. YOU PROBABLY THINK I'M A RIGHT PONCE.





"BUT YOU'RE DEAD, YOU
OLD CUNT, SO YOU CAN
JUST FUCK RIGHT OFF."

TO BE CONTINUED